

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the
Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending Sept. 5, 1924

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS:
Sept. 4. Butter Market—Has ruled generally steady with an occasional firm spot. The demand has not been active and buttered around current requirements. No speculative elements were apparent. Supplies of fresh butter have been ample to the demand and in some quarters goods were pushed for sale. This was especially true the latter part of the week. 22 score 32c, 20-21 score 31-32c, 18-19 score 30-31c, 16-17 score 29-30c. Eggs—Market has ruled easy and unsettled under a light demand for fresh eggs. Goods were pushed for sale practically at all times. Many buyers were using their stocks in the refrigerator rather than fresh receipts principally to not anticipate quality. Only a moderate amount of interest was shown in refrigerator eggs on the open market but these were fairly held. Western extras 41-42c, extra firsts 37-38c, firsts 35-36c, seconds 33-34c, firsts 32-33c. Nearby hen eggs 41-42c, extra firsts 37-38c, firsts 35-36c, seconds 33-34c, firsts 32-33c. Nearby hen eggs 41-42c, extra firsts 37-38c, firsts 35-36c, seconds 33-34c, firsts 32-33c. Nearby hen eggs 41-42c, extra firsts 37-38c, firsts 35-36c, seconds 33-34c, firsts 32-33c.

II HAPPENED IN
NEW ENGLANDNews of General Interest
From the Six States

A lemon weighing 1 1/4 pounds and measuring 4 1/2 inches in diameter is being exhibited by Arthur H. Prue of Loomis, Mass., who picked it from a tree near his home.

Robert Doucette, 16 months old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Doucette of 73 Knox street, Lawrence, Mass., fell 20 feet from a third-story window in his home and escaped without injury.

Establishment of headquarters in Boston from which the state campaign for the repeal of the daylight saving law will be waged, was decided on at a meeting in the State House of a group interested in the return to standard time during the summer months.

The Rev. Dr. E. Stuart Best, dean of the Methodist clergy in the New England conference and the oldest retired minister of that church in the United States, observed his 100th birthday anniversary at his residence, 92 Lawrence street, in the Linden section of Malden.

Four boys, none more than 11 years of age, were rounded up by Springfield, Mass., police and in their possession were found several valuable articles, including a leather case with a \$1,000 gold bond in it. The boys had also taken clothes from automobiles.

Mrs. Zoel Tanguay, 41 years old, of Mosher street, Holyoke, Mass., is resting comfortably at the Providence Maternity Hospital after giving birth to her 21st child, a boy. None of her children are twins or triplets. Thirteen of Mrs. Tanguay's children are living. She is not yet a grandmother.

The "granddaddy" of all radishes is being exhibited by Frank Romano of Fitchburg, Mass., who raised it in his small garden. This radish tips the scales at 2 1/2 pounds, is 7 inches in diameter and 10 inches long. Mr. Romano plans to enter it at the coming horticultural exhibition in Boston.

The Republican state central committee of Rhode Island has been informed by State Chairman William C. Pelkey that all of the Republican senators now at Rutland, Mass., will seek endorsement from their constituents by running for reelection. Mr. Pelkey appealed for full party support for the senators.

"Stepped on by a cow; severe laceration; seven stitches taken." Is the history of the case of George Kirkpatrick of Lagrange, Me. He was leading a cow when he slipped and fell so suddenly that the cow stepped on his neck, inflicting a deep gash in his throat. He suffered much from loss of blood.

The 10th general congress of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants opened its business session at Plymouth, Mass., last week when the general board of assistants met at the Samoset House and the delegates and other members were greeted at the same time by the reception committee.

A heavy electric storm accompanied by hail, did damage estimated at more than \$100,000 to the tobacco crop in the Connecticut Valley towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Westley and Deerfield. The crop has been partially harvested in most places, but considerable acreage was still in the fields and hail fell very generally over the tobacco section.

Mrs. Clarence Smith of Dighton, Mass., whose son was kidnapped by a roving band of cyphers five years ago, and who has mothered a 10-year-old boy from a Chicago juvenile school for three months, has decided that he is not her son and has taken steps to return him to Chicago. When the lad was placed in Mrs. Smith's care three months ago, she felt certain that it was her son. The boy continued to insist that his name was not Russell Smith, but Arthur Tyne and Mrs. Smith says she believes that his disposition is not that of her son's.

Colleges in the United States and in Turkey will receive \$100,000 under the will of Jacob J. Arakelyan filed in Boston. Out of the residue of the estate the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will receive a large fund for general use. Colleges beneficiaries include \$10,000 each to Constantinople College and the American University of Beirut, all of Turkey; Berea College, Vermont College, Gordon College, Harvard College and Antioch College, Ohio. The Atlanta Theological Seminary of Georgia is given \$5,000.

That the Worcester, Mass., Central Labor Union had adopted a resolution condemning National Defense Day, was made known by Daniel R. Donagan, president, who explained that the motive and purpose of the movement had caused the C. L. U. to take action. "The C. L. U." President Donagan said, "feels that there is certain success propaganda behind the day, other than that which appears on the surface. We feel that there is a strong gesture of militarism in the movement and it does not meet with our support at all."

WHAT MY NEIGHBOR
SAYS

Is of Interest to Bethel Folks.

When one has had the misfortune to suffer from backache, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders and other kidney ills—and has found relief from all sickness and suffering, that person's advice is of untold value to friends and neighbors. The following case is only one of many thousands, but it is that of a Bethel resident. Who could ask for a better example?

F. M. Wood, 4 Park St., says: "My back ached badly and when I took cold, my kidneys became sluggish and at times they acted irregularly. Doan's Pills were recommended so I began to use them and they took hold of the trouble quickly. I soon had relief from the backache and my kidneys were regulated."

A FEW YEARS LATER, Mr. Wood said: "Doan's Pills have done fine work whenever I have used them for any sign of kidney weakness."

Mr. Wood is only one of many Bethel people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for DOAN'S PILLS, the same that Mr. Wood had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50 cents at all dealers. Write Mr. Wood at 4 Park St., Bethel, N. Y. "When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name."

ANDOVER

Miss Doris Jones of Mexico, who has taught the schools at North and South Andover most successfully, enters the Gosham Normal School this term.

Miss Della Thurston and Miss Willa Spillell left Tuesday for Gosham, where they will commence their second year's work in the Normal School.

Mrs. Georgia Andrews visited her brother, Ellsworth Howard, and wife at Rumford a few days last week.

Dr. G. W. Somerville returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Wirt Lovejoy has been drawn to serve on the grand jury at the Supreme Judicial Court in October.

Guy Akers has purchased a new Maxwell touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. George Learned have been spending the past week at their camp at C. Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hanson and daughter visited Mrs. Alice Thurston this week. They will make their home in Portland this autumn where Mr. Hanson has employment with Elliott S. Peterson as salesman of the Maxwell automobiles.

Bob, Tuesday to the wife of Arthur Noble, a daughter.

The King's Daughters were entertained Thursday by Mrs. Bert Hann.

Robert Thurston, who spent the month of August with friends in Cambridge, N. H., returned home last week.

Elmer Sweet, Dorothy Thomas, Hazel Merrill and Helen Hanson have returned to the Farmington Normal School.

Mrs. Abbie Wyman from Bangor, Me., is spending a few weeks at her home on Pine Street.

Ray Thurston won the first premium with his draft horses at the State Fair. Volney Sweet, University of Maine, is principal of the high school at Westbrook, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Akers from Readfield visited his people, Mr. and Mrs. Akers, over the week end.

Mrs. Olive Akers has resumed her teaching to the Pettengill school at Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Branch Small from Norwood, Mass., was the guest of his brother, Paul Small, and family last week.

Adelbert and Roberta Thurston have a new pony which they very much enjoy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson left town, Saturday, for their new position at Bethel.

November 17th will be observed this year as American Education Week.

Edward Sweet has been chosen captain of the Hospital Campaign for October.

Mrs. Abbie Small and Mrs. Elmer Sweet are assistants for the proposed new Community Hospital at Rumford. They were here last week at the State Fair.

Mr. Dooley

Will Rogers

Ring Lardner

All write for the

BOSTON

SUNDAY

GLOBE

CANTON

Miss Kathleen Fisher, who submitted to an operation at the hospital at Lewiston is getting along nicely and expects to return home soon.

Mrs. Amanda Foster has arrived from Chesterville and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Bicknell, and family, before going to the home of John K. Forhan where she will be housekeeper. The many friends of Mrs. Foster, who was a former resident of Canton, welcome her back.

Mrs. Bartelow Romano is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Hayden and children who have been spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hayden, have returned to their home in Springvale.

Miss Julia Small has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Clarence S. Alley, and family of Hartford.

The corn shop started up Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Lillian Robinson and daughter, Margaret, of Portland, have been visiting her mother, Mrs. G. A. Ellis, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pabst of Farmington have been guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hollis.

Herbert Sweet has returned home from New Hampshire where he has been visiting relatives.

Mrs. Charles E. Richardson is visiting her son, George E. Grover, and family in Pittsfield, Mass., and also friends in Plymouth.

Junior Johnson and Oliver Ellis have returned home from Camp Deven.

Pinehaven closed on Tuesday after a most successful season, the camp being filled to the limit all summer. Pinehaven Camp will keep open a few weeks longer, nearly forty guests being accommodated at the present time.

Alex F. Campbell has again dislocated his right shoulder, which he has injured so many times before.

A fine new guide board near the two bridges in Canton village is one of the best in the state, and is attracting many compliments from tourists passing through. Lakewood Camp has also a unique sign placed near the bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Lane and son of Auburn spent the week end with her father, C. E. Richardson.

Herbert Stevens and sons, John and Frederick, of Danvers, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Worden and family. They have also been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Huff and two children and Mrs. Brackett of Northridge.

Will Stubbs of Exeter is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Charles Small.

Mrs. Olive Babcock of Meadowview is seriously ill.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Lamb are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Jason Merrill and family of Bethel.

Mrs. Alice Redden and Mrs. Minnie Reynolds have returned to their homes in Exeter and Bethel, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Berford Knowles, Lin Knowles and Mrs. Lou French, all of Gardiner were week end guests of Mrs. Anna Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Ellis and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Babcock and Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Adams enjoyed a motor trip Monday to Newry, Anger Falls, Foxville, N. H., the "Baldwins," and returning via Berlin, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hayden, Mrs. P. A. Adams and Albert and Horace, Jr., Adams visited at East Wilton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Glover and son, Eugene, of Boston have returned from a pleasant trip abroad and have been spending a few days with Mr. Glover's sister, Mrs. Arthur A. Glone.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Gilman of Houlton, N. Y., are guests of his uncle, Charles F. Gilman and family.

Elmer Veck and family, Syra Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. James Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glover attended the Gosham family reunion held with Ephraim Gosham.

NEWRY

Mrs. Warren Wentworth and children of Kennebunk Beach are visiting her mother, Mrs. A. E. Bailey.

Mrs. L. P. Bartlett of Bethel is staying a few days with her nephew, Walter Powers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. French were at their farm last Sunday.

Duncan McPherson and Charles Frost were at Byron last Saturday after a load of goods.

Miss Alice Smith is at home for a short visit till her school begins at Richmond Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Enman of Rumford were in town a few days ago.

Advance in Chemistry

There are only about half a dozen chemical elements yet to be discovered. Chemists need to search Mother Earth for them; now they figure them out from a chart.

THE DIAMOND BRAND
PERFECT BEDS
AND BEDDING

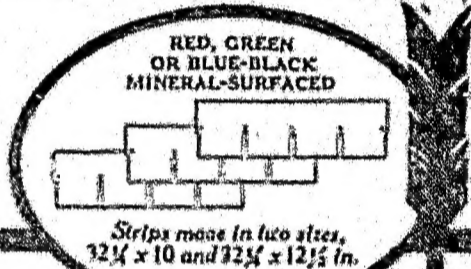
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Bryant's Pond
Maine

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL.

MAINE

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

The Best Style for You this Fall

Nobody can tell you what style you want; you know best about it.

Our job is to see that we have for you just what's best for you. We are often able to help a man decide on the right thing; but the main thing is to be sure we have it here for them to decide on.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Clothes Are Here.

Our two stores are rapidly filling with the new merchandise for the coming season.

New Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Caps, Furnishings

MAY WE HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU?

NORWAY

BLUE STORES

SOUTH PARIS

Wind Watch in Morning

Harry Holton, a watchmaker of Wells River, Vt., has kept a record of watch-spring breakages for a number of years and he has found that 70 out of 75 mainspring breaks occur at night. This is due, he says, to the watch having been warmed by the body all day and when removed at night and wound tight, ensuing contraction causes strain when the spring cools.

of 75 mainspring breaks occur at night. This is due, he says, to the watch having been warmed by the body all day and when removed at night and wound tight, ensuing contraction causes strain when the spring cools.

Low Mark on Shingles

YES

I Have Better SHINGLES
and at a less price than
others ask.

LET ME PROVE IT.

Bacon

BRYANT'S POND, ME.

P Y R E X
WARE
For All Uses
NEW LINE JUST IN
—
Our Prices Are Reasonable
—
G. L. Thurston
BETHEL, MAINE

AUTUMN APPAREL

new things you will see if you visit our
kare

New Fall Coats
New Dress Skirts
New Chapple Coats
New Sport Jackets

at the Oxford County Fair this week let us be of
possible. Meet your friends here--leave parcels
wait and see the new things.

the assortment of new kitchen fur.

Big assortment of new kitchen furnishings just arrived last week.

yn, Buck & Co.
Norway, Maine

(prepared by the
clerk, Washington)

The ruling class
Burmese proper, his
one behind them; the
other country, strag-
gles almost at the
These are the Karens
in America because of
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riety of things, none
But it is this it
has preserved throu-
collection of tribes
found nowhere else
any rate in so ef-
The Karen hills
north to south, and
thirty miles wide,
of the same differ-
and all these look
with the same won-
as the pariah dogs
an oriental city has
other quarter.

Even the secret
must exist on the w-
Karen hills. These
wish to come down
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Animals can climb
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have to settle.

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a few of the class
day or night, under
woman's wig, as in
both." It is a pity
of them look as if
and scratched, the

BURMA



Cold-Weather Costumes Among the Karens.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The ruling classes of Burma, the Burmese proper, have a long civilization behind them; but in the hills of their country, strangely enough, are tribes almost at the level of savagery. These are the Karens, known by name in America because they have responded to the work of American missionaries to a greater extent probably than any other oriental people.

It is halfway on the railway from Rangoon to Mandalay that one gets the first glimpse of the range of hills which mark the home of the Karens. From the train the hills do not look very formidable, but they are heavily covered with jungle, there is practically only one road from the west into the Karen country, and it is only those who are accustomed to hill roads on the borders of China who would call it a road. Others might call it a variety of things, none complimentary.

But it is this inaccessibility which has preserved through the centuries a collection of tribes such as is to be found nowhere else on the earth, at any rate in so circumscribed an area. The Karen hills do not measure much over sixty or seventy miles from north to south, and average, perhaps, thirty miles wide, but they have several score different clans and tribes, and all these look upon their neighbors with the same suspicion and animosity as the pariah dogs of one quarter of an oriental city have for those of any other quarter.

Even the secret "opium paths" do not exist on the western slopes of the Karen hills. The tribesman has no wish to come down to the plains, and the Burmese, the former rulers of the country, found it much easier to come from the north.

Animals can climb to the villages, but it is not well to trust to them. It is a record that a baggage elephant took fourteen hours to cover four and a half miles, and would probably have taken much longer if practically all its load had not been brought in by coolies, and these coolies were the Karens themselves, not outside men.

Still the visit is worth the trouble, and it is an excellent way of reducing weight. The Karens of the hills are savages, no doubt, but not of the kind that eat one another or cut off heads. There is no need for the visitor to take a great amount of money. Beads and small mirrors and clear glass bottles are much more useful, though lately not a few villages have become sophisticated enough to like soap, too. But that is because the girls make sandals of them.

The White Karens. There are a great many Karens in the main province of Burma, and they are, and still are, commonly referred to by their Burmese neighbors and strangers within their gates as White Karens. These Karens do not admit the hill people to their villages, and they do not have the same feeling with regard to them that the Burmese have for the Karens. It is perhaps natural. Many years ago the Burmese and Karens were at war.

The White Karens are now generally clean and healthy, but they are, and still are, commonly referred to by their Burmese neighbors and strangers within their gates as White Karens. These Karens do not admit the hill people to their villages, and they do not have the same feeling with regard to them that the Burmese have for the Karens. It is perhaps natural. Many years ago the Burmese and Karens were at war.

Some of these Red Karens wear clothes that force one to believe they are heathens, and here and there not a few of the Christians might pass by or night, outdoor or in, at a moment's notice, as the witches in "Macbeth." It is a pity, for quite a number of them look as if, after being badly scratched, they might be well-served, or at any rate personable.

The Karens are the third most numerous population in Burma. Not

SLAIN MAN'S WIDOW SUES MINE WORKERS

Union Blamed for Death Occurring Two Years Ago.

Suit for \$250,000 damages, naming the United Mine Workers of America as defendants, was filed in court at St. Clairsville, Ohio, by Edna M. C. Major, widow of John I. Major, who was shot to death June 22, 1922, while employed at the Lafferty mine of the Union Coal Strippling and Mining company.

The petition is directed against the United Mine Workers of America, John L. Lewis, president, and William Green, secretary; District No. 6 of the organization and its officers, and Subdistrict No. 5 of District No. 6 and its officers.

Major, the petition asserted, came to his death at the hands of union miners.

Other Labor Notes

The journeymen bakers of Paris, France, voted an immediate strike, demanding abolition of night work and the institution of higher wages.

Twenty-five thousand workers in the Dutch cotton mills have been on strike for weeks, and there has not been a ripple of disorder, says N. Ter Kelle, son of a mill owner of Egmond, Holland, who is in Philadelphia. The manufacturers insist on reducing the wages 7 per cent, and stretching the 48-hour week to 54 hours.

Canadian postal workers in a number of towns and cities took advantage of the government's offer to reinstate all men who returned to work, according to reports received at Toronto from all provinces.

It is felt that the recent settlement of the strike of 1,500 mechanics engaged in 18 municipal construction jobs at Boston has tended to stabilize the building trades labor situation. The building trades won a complete victory.

Filipino sugar plantation workers on the island of Hawaii struck, though estimates of the number walking out differed. According to the police on the island, about 2,000 joined the strike. The sugar planters countered, however, with a statement that only 500 had left their work.

The Associated Industries of Seattle, a group of 1,500 concerns pledged to the "open shop," at its annual meeting reported material growth in the year. Its policy was reiterated in resolutions that it was not the desire of the organization to destroy the unions or to prevent labor from obtaining a fair wage.

The West Hantsville (Ala.) cotton mill has announced a shut-down of 20 days, possibly longer, because of the unsettled condition of the textile market. The mill has been operating on short time for several weeks, and even at that it has been piling up goods. Manager Stanley declared. Two other mills are on short time while four are going full time at present.

Following the lead of the Ford Motor company plants in Detroit, the company's operations at Iron Mountain, Mich., have been put on a five-day basis. No reason for the action has been announced officially. There have been no indications as to how long the five-day week is to be effective. The Iron Mountain plant has been operating on a three-shift basis, with approximately 4,500 men.

The Indiana state conservation department has undertaken to relieve the labor situation in the Clinton mining fields, where there is widespread unemployment, due to the slack season in the coal industry. The division of geology expects within a short time to submit a report showing how new industries may be established to absorb labor formerly occupied in the mines.

The federal shipping board has signed a new wage agreement and working conditions arrangement for the year beginning July 1, with the Masters, Mates and Pilots' association, the Seafarers' union and the marine engineers. The wage scale effective at the present time was reduced, but the working conditions are slightly modified in favor of the men.

After a conference, representatives of the two groups refused to consider the proposal submitted by officials of the International Union of Marine Workers of Chicago to limit the wage rate of the union members. The existing rate for ten workers is \$1.25 an hour. Edward Hagg, who represented the employers, informed the union heads it was impossible to concede any demands and pointed to \$1.25 an hour, where wages were frozen to \$1.25 an hour, creating a situation of all building activities.

The Lloyd Gellender Aktengesellschaft has just begun the manufacture of paper for furniture on the style of wicker furniture, according to a recent report from Fritz Gellender, owner of the Aktengesellschaft. The manufacture of such furniture has been going on for years in the United States, but is now in Germany.

Active employees on the Pennsylvania railroad system on June 15 totaled 200,719, a decline of 1,129 from May 15. The total is still above the low point of this year, which was 200,017 on January 15.

In retaliation for the action of a number of banks in refusing loans to the prospective building owners, the prospective building owners agreed to have it constructed under Landlord's conditions, the Chicago Building Trades council will establish a \$100,000 labor bank in the loop district before January 1, 1925. Edward Ryan, president, announced.

Barnes Files Entry for Big 1925 Open

Turned down as an entrant for the 1924 open championship at Oakland Hills, James Barnes, 1922 winner, has become the first entrant for the national open championship in 1925.

Officials of the United States Golf association said that his entry had been accepted, although neither the course nor the date has been named for next year.

Barnes was turned down as a 1924 entrant because his application for permission to compete was not received until after the closing date.

PAYS \$15,000 FOR SIX PITCHED BALLS

Claiming Dennis Gearin on Waivers Was Costly.

All records for high-priced pitching were broken a few weeks ago in the National league, but not many of the fans knew about it. Here's how it happened:

Recently the New York Giants asked waivers on Dennis Gearin, midwest southpaw pitcher. Last fall the New York club bought Gearin from Milwaukee and the price paid was \$15,000 in cash. The agreement was that \$10,000 more was to be paid if Gearin was kept after June 15.

Just before June 15 waivers were asked and Gearin was claimed by the Braves. The rule in baseball now is that if one club claims a player from another, and that player is a purchased player, the club claiming him must assume all obligations.

Evidently Manager Dandridge, being new in the politics of the game, though a veteran in playing it, didn't stop to think, and when he claimed the player, he had to assume all the obligations of the New York club to the Milwaukee club. The Braves had to plunk down \$15,000 to the Giants to settle the amount already paid. Also, if they kept Gearin, it would be necessary to pay \$10,000 to the Milwaukee club on June 15.

Barny was clearly up against it. The Braves paid the \$15,000 to the Giants, but in order to avoid paying the additional \$10,000 they got waivers immediately and turned the pitcher back to Milwaukee.

Gearin was with the Braves for only one game. He went in to relieve a pitcher in one inning. He pitched exactly six balls. He was turned over to Milwaukee that night. It cost Boston \$15,000 to have those six balls pitched. In other words, it cost \$2,500 for each pitched ball.

Hill Is Penn Hero



George Hill, student of Penn State, who won the century and furlong duels at the Harvard stadium, is a rather strange sighter. Last year he was known as a "physical education student," one of the group who took athletics because the college forced them to. Coach Lawson Haggren got a look at Hill in tracks and the result is that Hill has developed into one of the best sprinters of all time.

Irish Pat Didn't Start in Races on Next Day

Back in the day, when Ed Corrigan was one of the dominating forces in western racing, he had a big circle of high-class friends in the local field. One was among them. The boys who entered for the next day's racing, and Corrigan wanted to give him a shove into one of the best positions of all time.

Corrigan always employed colored help, and, coming up on one of the "red Antlers" on the horse, he led it to the track and told the boy to gallop the horse at an open "breze."

Just as the boy started an old friend stepped up and expressed a desire to see Corrigan and some of the other cranks of the stable. Corrigan delighted in showing his horse, and the pair walked back to the old stable, across Fair avenue. Becoming interested in showing his horse, a half hour passed. Suddenly the stable foreman came up.

"Where's Irish Pat, boss?" Corrigan started on a dead run for the track. The boy was just coming around the turn. Corrigan halted him "instantly."

"What have you been doing?" "Just galloping Pat, boss."

"How many times have you been around?" "I've done sixteen, boss."

It is needless to say that Irish Pat did not start the next day.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

One of his most interesting observations is that an analysis of a number of counties in the corn belt shows more than one-half of the farms clear of mortgages, and that less than five per cent of these farm owners are heavily involved in indebtedness. "But almost every country bank has some of their frozen paper," he adds, "and their condition is generally known throughout the community, all of which has a depressing effect." He says that this will be remedied in time and that "when these few farms have gone into strong hands, the farmer wanting to buy a good corn belt farm is going to have to look long and pay high." Opinions like the above are shared by that part of the business world that has watched the development of manufacturing corn products into food materials. The country's best informed bankers and business men are beginning to believe that corn prices and prices of corn land will continue to increase.

THE RAILROAD LABOR BOARD
The Railroad Labor Board appears to be entirely deserted, and none of the three principal candidates for President will come to its defense. When the Board was organized it was clothed with powers to investigate disputes between capital and labor. But it was given no authority to enforce its decrees. As a result its decisions have not been effective. It is in fact a sort of mock-court affair. Messrs. Coolidge, Davis and La Follette have suggested methods that would either entirely change the Board, or abolish it. The organized railroad brotherhoods have all along opposed a railroad labor court, and the railroad managers have been equally antagonistic to any Federal agency with powers to issue mandatory decrees. As a result the Board has been engaged wholly in hearing controversies and in issuing orders that no one had to pay any attention to unless they wanted to. The makeshift creation finds itself deserted at the very beginning of the Presidential campaign.

FARMING

Crop conditions reported by the Department of Agriculture are almost wholly favorable. The drought stricken regions of the West have been liquidating the interest on their mortgaged debt during the recent months. Wheat, corn, cotton, and other crops are being produced in consistent relation to each other this year, and as a result the domestic and foreign markets will absorb the products of the soils. Farm financing has been stimulated to the highest possible degree through the operation of the Farm Loan Act and the money-chests of the country are ready to meet the crop-financing situation. One weak link in the chain of farm support is found on the reclamation projects of the West, where a demand for a national subsidy has been suggested to aid the settlers. The Department of Agriculture has replied with a statement to the effect that it "sees no present justification for a national subsidy," and it adds that "if local interests justify the subsidizing of land reclamation, the subsidy should be local."

The farming interests of the country are not asking for any advantages over other industries, but there has been an unmistakable demand for credit facilities on an equal footing with the industrial concerns in the manufacturing areas. The problems of the farmers are now concerned very largely in the proposed reforms in marketing. Another big obstacle is in the high cost of transportation. Divine and economic laws have been in operation in the interest of the farmer, but now these will be supplemented by political laws that will improve marketing conditions and reduce the cost of transportation is a problem for the future. Up to date the Congress of the United States has been unable to solve the puzzle.

THE CASE OF FIRPO

Well-meaning American citizens have been trying to secure the deportation of Luis Angel Firpo, the Argentine heavy-weight, on the grounds that he violated the immigration laws when he returned to the United States several weeks ago. The case is serious, and seems rather clear against Firpo, but great financial interests that back the sport of prize fighting have used every method they could invent to prevent the processes of law from throwing Firpo out of the country before his big prize fight could be pulled off. Even thuggery appears to have become big business.

RUM ROW

An authoritative statement published in Washington is to the effect that twenty to fifty vessels constitute the Rum Row fleet that caters to New York trade, and that these vessels carry an average "stock on hand" of from 250,000 to 500,000 cases. The boats of Rum Row usually remain outside the territorial limits of the United States.

THE COST OF CONSTRUCTION

Reports of a depression in the construction industry of the country are denied by the United States Department of Commerce which furnishes statistics showing that the value of contracts let in the past eight months are from ten to fifteen per cent greater than in the same period last year. Cement shipments have increased over twenty-one per cent and the lumber business shows a most satisfactory condition. The cost of construction has been lowered throughout the country, but because a man need not pay as much for putting up a new building does not signify that there is any depression in building. As a matter of fact there is more building now being done than a year ago, and the only difference in the operation is that the cost of construction has been coming down. Contractors and builders who have been paying plasterers and bricklayers as high as twelve to fifteen dollars a day in eastern cities, feel that they can "suffer" a lowering of costs.

Non-Slip Necessity

Steam and hustle are all right, but it takes sand to hold on.—Boston Transcript.



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The Mystery Road

— By —
E. Phillips Oppenheim

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Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.—Feeling from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a proposed husband who seemed to be a country road on the verge of desolation.

CHAPTER II.—Halted by an explosion of fire, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Hunt, are attracted by the girl's distracted appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with friends. Christopher, disapproves of the young man's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling room, and is fascinated, but can only leave her as she is called by her name. He is with her aunt, who is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, disapproves of the young man's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV.—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER V.—Lord Dombey makes the acquaintance of Pauline. He is puzzled by the air of mystery and concealment surrounding her.

CHAPTER VI.—Myrtle tells despondently in words with Gerald, but is a natural flirt, is only mildly interested in the life of the Dombey household, and would marry her.

CHAPTER VII.—A mysterious Russian, Zabin, wins a large sum at the gambling tables. Gerald learns he knows the De Fontaines, but can get no information from him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Christopher makes little progress in his courtship of Myrtle, who is completely infatuated with Lord Dombey and would gladly become his mistress. He really cares little for her interest being all in Pauline.

CHAPTER IX.—Gerald tells Pauline of Zabin's gambling. She is at once interested, and asks him to find the Russian and bring him to her and her husband. Gerald finds Zabin. The Russian has lost all he has and is practically everything else he has. On their way to the ladies Zabin kills himself.

CHAPTER X.—It is learned that Zabin was the steward of Madame de Fontaine, who has lost at the gambling tables \$50,000 francs, all the money she and her niece possessed. The two women leave Monte Carlo after selling their jewelry. Gerald is unable to trace them. He begins to evince an interest in Myrtle, to Christopher's disquietude.

CHAPTER XI.—Gerald is giving a party to a number of his acquaintances in the city. Myrtle urges him to allow her to attend. The company is suitable for a young girl, and he agrees.

"Oh, I am happy!" she murmured. "This is wonderful! Promise, Gerald, that you will never send me away, Premier!"

There was a shiver of voices as the room was invaded. Nadine came through the door which led from his own suite.

Scene men followed, accompanied by a little crowd of girls. Every one was curious about Myrtle. She shook heads shyly with those whom Gerald presented to her. When they asked for her name, however, she shook his head. "Mademoiselle is our guest for this evening," he announced. "She is not, then, of our world. Let us call her Mademoiselle X."

"Mademoiselle the Spirit, rather!" a Frenchman exclaimed. "I think that you have dragged her down from the skies. Present me, Gerald, or I shall be your enemy for life."

"The Marquis Chantelaine," Gerald murmured. "Mademoiselle X. The marquis is a shameless fellow, Myrtle, and you must not believe a word he says."

"I am shameless or not according to the surroundings," the Frenchman declared. "No one could look into the eyes of Mademoiselle and speak other than the truth."

Myrtle pouted.

"No one going to say nice things to others," she complained. "Gerald, you ought to have warned me. I would have worn my new gown. It is exactly the color of the sky. Even my maid declared that I, too, slipped down from heaven."

There was a little chorus of laughter. Gerald was brought in and introduced to Myrtle. Every one gathered around and talked to Myrtle. She answered them naturally enough, but every now and then with embarrassment.

"Mademoiselle X may be asked no questions," Gerald insisted. "Where she comes from I shall not tell any of you. Whether she goes after tonight, she will know of her own accord."

"Mademoiselle is of the best monde," Nadine whispered maliciously to her friend.

"Mademoiselle belongs to a world we are none of us privileged to enter," Gerald answered. "It is the one farthest from you. Please accept my most as a battery, born this evening, moving away tomorrow."

"Oh, is, is?" Chantelaine exclaimed. "We are all like that. Give me another cocktail, Charles."

They made their way presently to the supper table. Myrtle sat at Ger-

ald's right hand, and next to her, on the other side, was the Marquis de Chantelaine. Any form of tête-à-tête conversation, however, was impossible from the first. They all seemed to be talking together at the top of their voices in an almost incomprehensible argot, a jumble of personal quips and sallies. Myrtle listened sympathetically, but understood little. Occasionally she laughed when the others laughed, but as a matter of fact she needed nothing to complete her happiness. She was next to Gerald, who whispered every now and then little words of encouragement in her ear. Presently Chantelaine jumped up and danced. Phrynette followed suit and executed a wonderful pas seul. There was a good deal of boisterous applause. Myrtle felt the color burning in her cheeks. She glanced toward Gerald. He was laughing, so it must be all right. Nevertheless, she was relieved when at last Phrynette sat down.

"I will show you," Nadine suggested, "how they dance in Algiers."

There was a little chorus of applause. Gerald alone for a moment looked doubtful. He glanced toward Myrtle at his side.

"Don't overdo it, Nadine," he begged. Nadine laughed subtly.

"Is it for your ingenuité you fear, or yourself?" she asked. "Very well, I will give you both something to think about."

She danced at first with all the quivering grace of restraint and passionate movements. Myrtle watched her with fascinated eyes. Then suddenly she broke loose. Myrtle looked down at her plate and gripped Gerald's hand.

"Remember, I warned you, dear," he whispered. "Don't watch."

"Mademoiselle would perhaps care for a little stroll upon the balcony?" the marquis whispered in her ear.

Myrtle shook her head.

"Thank you," she murmured. "I do not wish to leave Gerald. As for the dancing, it is foolish of me but I have never seen anything like it. It never seemed to me possible that women could do such things. That is because I have not lived in the world. I shall progress."

"The dance came to an end amidst uproarious applause. Nadine, disheveled and breathless, plucked toward the door leading to Gerald's suite.

"I shall go into your bedroom and make myself tidy," she called out. "You can come and fetch me when you want me," she added, looking over her shoulder at her host.

The corks began to fly faster still. Presently, couples stood up and danced. Then, indeed, happiness began for Myrtle. She danced with Gerald again and again, danced to music which was indeed of the best, for Gerald was somewhat of an epicure in such matters, until she forgot the loud voices, the haze of cigarette smoke, the slightly unsteady condition of one or two of the guests. To her, so long as it was Gerald's arm which controlled her, it was all beautiful. By degrees she seemed to slip into her place, however inconspicuous it might be, in the little company. She was accepted as one of the kaleidoscopic pictures of Monte Carlo distractions. She had come, and there was an end of it. There were other hosts besides Gerald, other Englishmen crowding all the time into the place. The very singleness of her devotion made her to some extent a rival to be accepted philosophically.

It seemed incredible that four o'clock had arrived. There was a ball that night at the Carlton, however, so every one was resigned. They invaded Gerald's rooms for their coats and wraps. Myrtle remained talking with the marquis, with whom she had been dancing. Her body was still swaying a little to the rhythm of the music.

"So this is your first night, Mademoiselle?" her companion said softly. "I shall hope that we may meet many more times."

"If you are a friend of Gerald's, I hope that we may," Myrtle replied. "You have enjoyed yourself, on the whole?" she asked, looking at her curiously.

Her ears were straining for Gerald's voice. She could hear all the time the girl's laughter of Nadine and her friends.

"I have enjoyed the dancing," she said.

"I begin to believe," he said, "that you are really as good as you look."

"No, indeed," she said. "But I am not at all sure that I am not thinking of your usual guests." He explained. "How long have you known Lord Dombey?"

"Gerald?" she queried. "Only a very short time. I have never danced with him before today."

"It seems easy to believe," he said, "that you slipped down from the skies, only nowadays Heaven does not part with its children so easily. Tell me, where did you come from, really?"

"A little farm on the other side of the mountains," she said. "Gerald and Monsieur Christopher brought me here. Monsieur Christopher wants me to go to England, but I hope that Gerald will not let me go."

"I am not at all sure," he said. "If you are what you seem to be, that I would not be better if you went to England."

They all came tramping out. Myrtle got up to fetch her own cloak, but Gerald detained her. She stood by his side, holding on to him with his guests with him. The marquis frowned slightly as he made his exit. The look in his eyes suggested that for a moment he was struck down. Then she was conscious of a curious sense of disturbance. She was alone with Gerald and he was looking at her strangely.

"You have been happy, Myrtle?" Gerald asked, and his voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Wonderfully," she answered. "I—there is my cloak."

She moved toward the open door leading into Gerald's suite. She seemed suddenly torn by a strange medley of sensations and memories. She saw Nadine pass through it, all-showered and indecent, with that backward glance at Gerald which, even to her ignorance, seemed ugly. She heard the voices of all of them laughing and laughing. Little half-understood sentences puzzled her. She passed into the sitting-room. Gerald followed, closing the door. The sound of the music came quietly. Myrtle felt suddenly faint.

"You are tired?" Gerald exclaimed, bending anxiously over her.

She put her arms around his neck like a child.

"Gerald," she whispered, "take care of me, I am afraid. Be good to me, Gerald."

Their lips met, but there was something absent from the warm joy of that first kiss. Side by side with her happiness came the feeling of discordant music all around her. Rank perfumes seemed to hang in the air. A ribbon from one of Nadine's discarded garments lay upon her sofa. Yet when Gerald leaned toward her and his eyes sought for hers, a strange content seemed to creep like a flood over all these other things.

The door of the sitting-room was suddenly opened and closed. Christopher stood there, a little breathless, as though he had run up the stairs, pale, and with a look in his eyes from which both Gerald and Myrtle quailed—Gerald with fuller understanding. His arms dropped. He was nearer fear than ever before in his life. Christopher spoke with nervous calmness.

"Gerald," he said, "were you thinking of breaking your trust?"

"Yes," Gerald answered hoarsely. "Drop this Don Quixote business, Christopher. I'm sick of it."

Christopher came a step nearer.

"Myrtle is coming back to her lodgings with me," he announced.

"She is going to England tomorrow morning. Your sister has promised to take her."

"But it is impossible!" Myrtle cried passionately.

"It is arranged," Christopher declared. "I went to your rooms to-night, Myrtle, to tell you. I received a letter from your mother. I was told that you were in bed and asleep. I left a note. Then, for the first time since I have been here, I went to the

club and stayed late. I heard your guests downstairs speak of your good fortune, Gerald."

Gerald laid his hand upon Myrtle's wrist.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to take Myrtle home," Christopher insisted.

"I refuse to let her go," Gerald declared.

Christopher looked for a moment away at Myrtle. She clung to Gerald like a frightened child.

"Listen," Christopher went on, "you and I have been friends all our lives. Gerald. We know each other pretty well. You know of me that I am a man of my word. I know of you that though you are selfish and worldly pleasure, you are while enough even the hour strikes. The hour has struck, Gerald. Let me take Myrtle home."

"Myrtle shall choose," Gerald proposed.

"Myrtle shall do nothing of the sort," was the prompt reply. "You might as well ask her to choose the right path through a strange city. Gerald, old chap, don't take this badly. I am not here to stir up a row. I am just here to do what I can. Thank God I was in time—Myrtle, take your cloak."

She clung to Gerald's arm, looking anxiously into his face. Something else discordant had come into the room, something substantial, something to be feared. She looked from one to the other of the two men. Gerald's hat was checked. For all his calm, there was a subtle threat in Christopher's attitude.

"I don't want to quarrel," Christopher went on. "Don't let it come to that. Gerald, but you see it is inevitable that Myrtle should leave with me tonight. I shall not go without her. You know what that means."

"I am to remember, I suppose," Ger-

ald said thickly, "that you were the variety boxing champion?"

"Please don't," Christopher begged. "Myrtle must come. I can't always be in the way. Tonight I am. Tonight, at any rate, you have a reprieve. —Myrtle!"

She stooped for her cloak. Christopher arranged it around her shoulders. His fingers shivered at the touch of the filmy lace, as though he loathed it.

"You are ready, Myrtle?" he asked.

She looked once more at Gerald. He seemed so far away. And was it her fancy, or was there something in his face which she had seen in the faces of those others? He lit a cigarette ostentatiously.

"You had better go, Myrtle," he said. "Christopher has the whip hand of us. We can't have a row here."

"Goodbye, Gerald," she faltered. "It isn't my fault."

"Of course not," Gerald answered. "We are all a little overstrung, I think. Goodbye, little one!"

He kissed her almost carelessly and nodded to Christopher. The two left the room. The music had ceased.

They walked through the empty streets in silence. When they arrived within a few yards of Myrtle's lodgings, Christopher slackened his pace. Myrtle was crying quietly.

"Myrtle," he begged, "please listen to me."

"I am listening," she told him dreadingly.

"This morning at eight o'clock I shall be here to take you to the station. Please leave behind the clothes you are wearing, and I will return them to Madame Lenore. You will go to London, and Lady Mary will take care of you. Lady Mary is Gerald's sister. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Please don't think of me as an executioner," Christopher went on, with a note of unusual feeling in his tone. "Love is a very wonderful thing. Myrtle, but it is also a very dangerous paradise. If you care for Gerald, and he cares for you, believe me, some day you will belong to one another and you will be happy, but the love which brings happiness is not of a moment's growth. It is not a matter of feeling only. Today you love Gerald with your whole soul. Gerald has simply an affection for you. You are a whim to him, a child whose softness and pretence attracts him. The kingdom of love is a wonderful place, but no two people who are in the position of you and Gerald can enter it by the lower gates. If you are faithful, remember this. A year or two of life will bring womanhood to you, and you will understand just what was lacking tonight, just what, in a corner of your heart, Myrtle, I believe that you guessed was lacking. That something would have poisoned even your wonderful happiness. You must wait, dear. Nothing in the world will keep you and Gerald apart if your love for one another becomes the love that endures."

Myrtle crept away without a word.

For an hour Christopher waited, unseen, at the darkened corner of the street. He waited until he saw the light go out in Myrtle's room. Then he went back to the hotel, changed his clothes and rested for a couple of hours. When he returned to her room, she was waiting for him, dressed to her little blue serge suit, mutely pale. Christopher carried her small bag and they made their way to the station.

"Myrtle," he said, as they stood together, watching the train coming round the bay. "This morning I think that you are hating me. You think me very cruel. Try and not judge me for a year."

"I think that you mean well," she sighed, "but you do not understand."

Christopher put money into her purse and took her up to where Lady Mary was standing with her little array of dependents. She spoke a few kindly words to Myrtle, who answered her politely but without any trace of feeling in her tone. Myrtle sat down on one of the trunks and looked steadily across at the sleeping white-fronted hotel. Christopher and Lady Mary waited for a moment apart.

"I don't know why I am doing this thing for you," Mary said. "If you wanted to know the truth, I dislike the young woman intensely."

"If you can't feel that you are doing it for my sake," Christopher replied, "think that you are doing it for Gerald's sake."

Lady Mary started at this for a moment, and Christopher feared that he could read in her somewhat vacillating look some trace of that pathetic opposition which claimed for its people the broken and sick of their satellites. The train thundered in.

"You will come and see me in London," she asked a little softened.

"Directly I return," he promised. "I shall forget this, Mary," he added, a little awkwardly. "You've been a brick."

She smiled, curiously gratified at his hesitating words. Christopher leaned toward Myrtle.

"Goodbye, Myrtle," he said.

She removed her eyes from the window for a moment.

"Goodbye, Christopher," she answered—and looked back again at the white building, with the irregular front and those dark curtains. Behind one of them Gerald was sleeping. With a cloud of black smoke and a succession of hoarse, sobbing pants, the long train steamed slowly out of the station.

BOOK TWO
Chapter I

Gerald had been looking at the Hyde Park hotel and was on his way to pay a call in Curzon street. Hence

his progress through the sun-baked and dusty park at 3 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in August. Christopher, who had been his fellow guest, caught him up as he had reached the shelter of the trees. The two young men were apparently still on the same friendly terms. No one but themselves realized the slight cloud which had never wholly passed away from between them since the night in Gerald's sitting-room at the Hotel de Paris, eighteen months ago.

Christopher took his friend's arm lightly. He had made several attempts to break through the slight restraint that existed between them, and Gerald's appearance these days rather troubled him. He was thinner, his eyes were restless, his manner a little nervous. He had not the appearance of being the spoiled child of fortune that he certainly was.

"I wonder you don't get fed up with the London crowd," Christopher remarked.

"I very nearly am," Gerald confessed. "They were much more amusing in the old days, before they took up marriage as a hobby. Now the most flagrant little hussy begins to talk about her people in the country and St. George's, Hanover square, if you hold her fingers. It's all the fault of these callow youths—Christopher—great heavens!"

They had passed the Achilles statue and were making toward Stanhope gate. The crowd here seemed more spiritless than ever. In chairs a little way back and apart from the others, two women, dressed in plain black, were seated. One was elderly, the other young. Both were weary, both sat there with the air of wishing to avoid observation. To Christopher they were entirely unfamiliar. His whole attention was absorbed by Gerald's strange demeanor. Gerald's long fingers had gripped his arm painfully. For the first time in months, there was a real feeling in his face.

"It's Pauline!" he exclaimed. "Wait for me, Chris."

Without hesitation, Gerald turned and threaded his way among the chairs. The two women watched his approach, the older one with stolid indifference, Pauline apparently with some faint resentment. Gerald, however, in these last few months had become a very determined person. He stood before them with his hat in his hand. His bow was lower than his customary among English people. His manner could scarcely have been more respectful if he had been paying his homage at Buckingham palace.

"May I be permitted to recall myself to the recollection of Madame de Fontaine?" he begged.

The woman looked at him with unrecognizing eyes. The last eighteen months had dealt hardly with her. The flesh had sagged a little from her cheek bones, her mouth had become bitter, her throat was thin, her eyes cold and glassy.

"You do not succeed in doing so, madame," she said coldly.

Pauline intervened. There was some faint note of courtesy in her manner, nothing whatever of kindness.

"This young gentleman," she explained to her aunt, "Lord Dombey, I believe his name is—was kind enough to be of assistance to us at Monte Carlo, on the night when Zabin met with his unfortunate accident."

Madame de Fontaine inclined her head.

"I trust that we rendered our thanks on that occasion," she observed icily.

Gerald held his ground. Pauline was paler than ever, and thin, but perhaps he fancied that there was a shade of encouragement in those soft, weary eyes.

"Madame," he said, "there was some slight previous acquaintance between your niece and myself, some trifling service I had been able to render which gave me the right to perform this further one. It gives me great pleasure to see you again in my own country."

The other woman laughed hardly.

"It is difficult to believe," she scoffed, "that the sight of us could give pleasure to any one; apart from which fact," she added rapidly, "it is not our wish to make or renew acquaintances while we are here."

"Madame," Gerald replied, "that was your attitude in Monte Carlo, and attitude which I may say occasioned me the deepest regret. I venture to hope that I may be able to induce you to modify it."

"And why should I?" she asked, almost insolently.

"Because I have the sincerest and most profound admiration for made madame," Gerald declared slowly, "and because in my own country there is the possibility that I may be of service to you."

Madame de Fontaine opened a plain pair of spectacles and looked for a moment at Gerald.

"For an Englishman," she remarked coldly, "you seem to have some manners. Who is this, Pauline?"

There was the faintest possible indication of a smile on Pauline's lips. "His name is Lord Dombey," she answered demurely. "He is the son of the earl of Hatterley."

"Dear me!" Madame de Fontaine murmured.

"The earl of Hatterley," Pauline continued, "is one of the lesser English noblemen."

Notwithstanding his anxiety, Gerald's sense of humor was touched. If only his father could have been standing at his side to assist in the conversation with these two shabby old ladies!

"Mr. Hatterley is, at any rate, not wholly modern," he pleaded deprecatingly. "Besides, is this of any real consequence?"

"What precisely do you want of us?" the older lady asked, after a slight hesitation.

To be realized

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE
XXXIII.—OREGON



IT WAS the Spaniard who laid claim to the discovery of our Pacific coast. In 1543 Ferrello possibly sailed as far North as the Oregon boundary. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake explored for England the coast considerably north of this. Other Spaniards made further explorations and Captain Cook, the English navigator, in 1783 landed at Nootka Sound and gave it its name. Thus both Spain and England laid claim to this region.

The American rights to this territory were based on the discovery of the Columbia river in 1702 by Captain Robert Gray, who sailed from Boston in the ship Columbia to open up fur trade. Many American fur traders followed and in 1811 John Jacob Astor, the head of the Pacific Fur company, established a settlement called Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia.

The real opening of the Northwest was the result of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition.

By 1843 a decided flow of emigrants from the East travelled over the Oregon Trail from Kansas City to the Columbia river, and thus into Oregon. The trip over this route occupied about three months and the settlers generally travelled in large parties to withstand any possible attacks from Indians.

American settlers became so numerous that the United States actively laid claim to this region. Spain had been forced to withdraw any rights she may have had when Florida was ceded in 1819. This left England and America quarrelling over this section of the coast. Final settlement, with definite boundaries between the United States and Canada, was made in 1846.

The Oregon territory was formed in 1848 and the State of Oregon was taken into the Union in 1859 with an area of 96,000 square miles.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

(By 1911, Western Newspaper Union.)

PALM CANYON

Nature richly endowed this country with much of the most majestic scenery on the globe. The choicest places "have been reserved for you, that you and your children after you may know and enjoy these unspoiled bits of native America." Uncle Sam is ever alert for new scenic assets of outstanding value in the old wilderness which come down to us as left by nature and practically unchanged by the hand of man.

One of the latest selections to form a link in Uncle Sam's chain of unmatched beauty spots is Palm Canyon, which has been described as "A bit of Arabia transplanted to the Western hemisphere." Located 35 miles southeast of Hatterley, Cal.

Here in a series of canyons but little removed from a desertlike setting grow scores of magnificent Washington palms—tall, graceful, plume-bearing and centuries old, undoubtedly, the only native palms in all California, as well as a number of species of interesting and unusual cacti—the entire ensemble forming a botanical collection both unusual and extraordinary.

These native palms are scattered along the banks of a tortuous little stream which flows through the canyon and clustered around it are groves where it emerges from the hills. The scene is both surprising and beautiful. It is likewise magnificent because almost directly overhead Mount San Jacinto rears its lofty head. In one direction the canyon appears to be closed by a great wall of colored rock. Looking about face the view leads out onto the desert beyond.

Nearly may be seen other palms, larger perhaps, older too, possibly, which have been burned and scattered through enforced participation in certain Indian ceremonies having to do with the burning of the so-called "skiffs" while still on the trees. Many of these unusual and peculiar-looking trees have been cut down by various people and carried away for numerous uses.

As proposed, there are 1,000 acres in the reservation. The consent and relinquishment of a remnant of the Agua Caliente band of Indians is necessary before the tract may become a national monument. Assuming that the Indians give their consent, the ride from Riverside to Palm Canyon and the trip through the canyon will well become a rare which will beckon untold thousands as the years roll by.



"I Am Going to Take Myrtle Home," Christopher insisted.

ON FACILITIES



structure of its kind on

oup. The former home has been made into a little barn with a capacity for 400 animals. Approx 10,000 square feet of floor space in the western end of the building has been set aside for annual poultry show. Improvements contemplated include a new brick, electric grandstand at the race track, a permanent arcade. This as part of the 1925 building. It is expected also that the State of Maine build which \$25,000 has been ap- by the Maine legislature, upon the raising of \$25,000 by semi-public agree- be completed.

ard Golf Popular

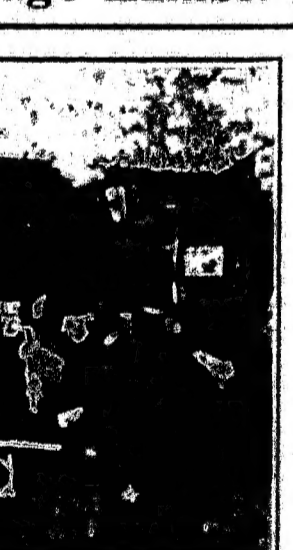
Champion Will Be Se-

in Exposition Tourney

of the interest and popu- greeted the revival of the honorable and respected game of golf, otherwise known as pitching, at the Eastern exposition in Springfield, 1924, the Exposition man- to continue this contest as an annual event.

will be enlarged pitching are entrants and new classes, harried golfers, and the which will begin on Mon- 15, will be continued at the week, closing on Sat- 20.

arge age Exhibit



Holbrook Village.

want to know about the

ly connected with sources being urged to visit the village during the Expon-

will show scouting to or actual results from 10 actually run it. Each came will live the pro- for the entire period position. The members of will show to the public the and achievements of at home and in camp. edge booths will be es- berfore, with the sub- the exhibiting committee to and later. One council from 19 Eastern States will be conduct a booth.

on is the show of scout- from the village. The will maintain a public ac- and hospital. They will city throughout the Ho-

